

BLUE GRASS BLADE

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

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BLADE

GETS IN ITS WORK

Lady Passenger Demands That a Blade Reader be Put out of a San Francisco street car.

CONDUCTOR REFUSES TO OBEY THE REQUEST.

(By A. Johnson.)

Give fanaticism a chance and it will invariably expose its weakness. The incident related affords a splendid illustration of the influence wrought upon the minds of ignorant believers in the Christian theory by legislation intended to bolster up and foster a rapidly fading creed.

In the first place the "angry woman" had committed a gross breach of social etiquette but we are assured that an eavesdropper will sometimes hear things said of a derogatory character concerning himself. Had this woman attended to her own business, strictly she would have been spared the humiliation, but she evidently thought it her business to protect an Almighty and infinite god against the criticisms of the finite. She is not the only one by any means, and she has plenty of company.

As our friend Johnson writes, there is but one way to get rid of this crowd of middle-aged Matties. "Wipe them from off the face of the earth" by this underhand Bro. Johnson. If this underhand Bro. Johnson, the Christian religion, the Christian religion, which puts into that woman's heart and mind the old spirit of the Spanish Inquisition. We agree with him and the Blade is doing the very best it can to get at the "wiping process." It is the same spirit of religious intolerance that led to the burning of women as witches, the flogging of Quaker children, and the imprisonment of C. C. Moore. That same spirit would imprison and torture even the freethinker in the land today and the assertion would follow that it was done that the glory of a dead Jew might be made the subject of public recognition. In these days it can do little more than demand exclusion from a public street car.

Someone in trouble or in it myself through your "Filthy lying paper" which should be prohibited by law from being read.

With the best of intentions, I gave a copy of the Blade to the head mechanic of our firm. He was reading it going home on the car, and the lady next to him was reading over his shoulder the Christ article in last number, got her warm and she called for the conductor to put the "Filthy lying paper etc. etc." crowded and a man said he had lectured the woman well dressed and looked about the average in intelligence he said, when he explained, and the woman helped him out by repeating language the man said, "he had the same right to read his paper as you that book she." The law should prevent men from reading papers that write so on Christ. Jim I'd given five dollars had I been on that car, an loaded on Christ, or his pet, the ghost. The men all laughed when they found out the cause of the trouble. Blade got a fine ad. Straws tell how the wind blows, Christianity is just the same now as it always was.

There is only one thing to do, wipe it from the face of the earth; there will be no peace until its "Don't hurt their feelings" may induce any yet they would prohibit from reading our literature. Dam their feelings put that Dam in red ink, so Bro. Moore once said "you have got to down them or they will down you." Self preservation being a law of nature I prefer to protect myself by doing all I can to kill the worlds greatest criminals Christianity.

We May Comment On It, Jas. E. Hughes.

Please see enclosed a clipping from The DeMolles Register and Leader. Thinking that you might like to know what some of De Molles Register have to say in regard to infidelity. Properly these things are unworthy of notice. But if you think it worthy of a reply send me an extra copy and I will send it to the Register and Leader.

W. C. Vernicom.

SACRED BOSCH OF THE HOLY BIBLE

Impossible to Poke Fun at God and Blade.--The Headlines Call for a Good Josh.--The Finite Cannot Ridicule the Infinite

When it Comes to Dying, the Average Christian is a Four Flusher and a Piker.--Were His Faith but Strong, He Would Cut Loose from the Earth and be Glad of the Chance

(By James Armstrong.)

The Blade does me an injustice by referring to my pious exegesis of biblical bosh as a "fun-making project." I never did anything more seriously in my life, and I deeply regret being made to appear as poking fun at god himself. In fact I could not jolly God. I wanted to, not because he would stand for it, but simple because it is an impossibility. How in the world can he be made to stand for it, a grain of sand make sport of the Rocky mountains, a poor worm of the dust josh the almighty ben that broods upon the deep and hatched out only the planetary system but the stars also!

The very idea of making fun of god, you can't make fun of something you don't know anything about, and no one else knows anything about. You can't even talk about making fun of a square circle or a sober jay. The only way I was trying to make fun of was the people who worship God, those in actual tramps who are always being the back door of divinity for a moment of mind and money, or begging the gatekeeper of the celestial circus to pass to the show. It is easy enough to make fun of them people who are so devoted to their religion.

ing into new Jerusalem just as they hire lawyers to keep from breaking into new Jerusalem just as they hire lawyers to keep from breaking

into the penitentiary. Indeed, there is nothing funnier than a dying Christian unless it be two dying Christians, no greater comedy than a Christian funeral unless it be a longer Christian funeral!

The dying Christian and his weeping friends remind me of a fellow who would get the bucke ag on being sentenced in a will, or a hungry boy who would throw a fit in the presence of a square meal. After moping around in "this vale of tears" for sixty or seventy years, always complaining about its "trials and tribulations," the Angels of Death comes to call the Christian's hand! Of course, you'd think he had a set of fairs, or a full house, at least, but lo and behold when it comes to the show down he hasn't even got a pair! In other words, when it comes to playing the game called death the Christian is as rank a piker as ever bet his head off on a pair of deuces. He has four flusher from start to finish and you could use his fist to start a large-size cold storage plant, and singing such songs as

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
Or shouting such sacred raptures
I want to be an angel with thee."

A crown upon my fore head and a harp within my hand."

When Mrs. Henry spoke at the grave of Moore the pious push who are impatiently counting the days between now and the time of their celestial vacation did not overlook a chance to get off that old gag about what an awful thing it must be to think that when man dies he's dead, that when he leaves he's gone. The Christian of course, does not believe the dead are dead. The grave is just a pious joke, looks like the end of the journey, while really it is only a transfer station, where he leaves the surface line to take the subway to god knows where! Thus Christians after having passed through life with the sublime indifference to disease and danger submit to death so cheerfully. Certainly! If they thought that death was the end--no milk and honey for the good and no fireworks for the bad--the preachers and their flocks would wreck the world with their "Alleluia's."

Let a man be stricken with the smallpox or leprosy and see how Christ's love with one another to doctor and nurse him, while the miserable infidel, unbelieved as he is with

the hope of eternal life, barricades himself behind a shotgun quarantine and lets the pestilence friends buried him, and how much more awful if he was buried alive. Not awful to a Christian, of course, for what a few moments of suffocation amount to in comparison with eternal joy awaiting the soul that has broken its fetters of clay.

It is altogether natural that the atheist should shy at death. Dying to him is like walking into a dark room and disappearing, while to the Christian it is like emerging from a dungeon into the light of day. As Shakespeare darkness (death) as eagerly as a bride, he should take passage in a coffin to the unknown with all the ecstasy of a soon breaking into a million patches! To the atheist death is annihilation. It is the taking of the figure one, rounding it into a cipher and then rubbing out the cipher. He regards death as a burglar breaking into his body to steal away his life, and naturally he tries to drive death out.

But to the Christian death should come as a season ticket to a perpetual circus, and if the good Lord should run shy on tickets it should not be surprising to see the pious trying to crawl in under the tent. Instead of this, however, we find the Christian

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DISCUSSION OF THE BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SOCIALISM

Defender of the Faith Makes Reply to Critics of the New System. Miss Groh is Not Alone This Time, but Has a Comrade in Criticism

(By Dennis Lealey)

As a couple of atheists who seem to know nothing whatever about natural law, I will now define the other half of the impression that everything that is governed, is governed by artificial law made by just such brilliant lights as themselves have seen proper to lend certain vicious attacks upon what they are pleased to turn socialism I beg for in which to reply.

"All men have a natural and inalienable right of access to nature's storehouse is a socialist principle, Miss Groh's interpretation of this principle shows a degree of common sense that is absolutely uncommensurate in one who presumes to teach that beautiful science called Political economy. The embodiment of this principle in the political law does not call for hand and foot."

Miss Groh's notion is preposterous and ridiculous.

All political economists of note such as Mills, South, McCulloch and George, agree that land as an economic factor includes the earth and everything in, on, and around about it. The individual sustains life by the result of applying his labor to the land. With the product of his labor he sustains himself and develops his life. Deprive him of the right of access, or deprive him of the product and he can neither sustain, expand, nor develop his life. In such a case atheism or any other kind of lam that does not endeavor to restore the right of access or restore the product, only serves to hasten his destruction.

All authorities agree that a wild horse is land. Free access to the storehouse of nature means the equal right of all men to capture the wild horse and break him to work. The one who does that is the natural owner of the horse. Political law does not enter into the matter at all. All the political

law can do is to confirm or impair the natural law or principle.

Having only defined half the principle, I will now define the other half where the individual after capturing the wild horse turns him loose and allows him to return to the wild state he surrenders his right of ownership and the horse becomes common property again. And the next one wanting a horse has a natural right to capture him with the horse so with land and everything in and around about it, in a natural state.

Miss Groh's labored argument falls to the ground because she fails to comprehend the principle involved. As a rule the right to property did not originate in a natural manner in the United States, the right of ownership in this land of the free originated in a grant from an infallible Pope or from a king and we are all influenced in our ideas by these grants, that's what's the matter with Miss Groh. As for that old warrior in Cuba his education is enough to make a wooden Indian sea sick.

His liver is badly out of order. All free lovers are atheists, so are all other cattle of this kind. But all atheists are not free lovers, no pope, priest or prince was ever more ready to consign people to hell than our old warrior in Cuba. His proud boast is that he is a freethinker, so is the pope, so is the czar, so is every other d--n fool that ever was born. His doctrine is the doctrine of every tyrant that has ever crossed the earth, "Think as I think or be damned." I don't propose to waste an economic argument on that ridiculous old warrior. I am not throwing pearls to swine, not if I know it. But if he will "approach the mourners bench with a humble and contrite heart" and admit the condition of his liver. Then we will concede to talk to him and show him the evil of his ways."

BOOST FOR THE MOORE MEMORIAL

Those Who Do Not Subscribe will Miss a Grand Treat.---Valued Opinion from One who Knew Our Late Editor

Allow me a few words to say to the Blade readers that there is a grand treat to those who have subscribed to the Moore Memorial which will contain the writings of the founder of the Blade, Charles Chilton Moore.

Whose service for the promotion of the truth, we should all value most sincerely. His was a great and beautiful life. He was a man, all men from his crown to his foot-soles, there was never a grander or nobler man lived under the sun-kissed clouds of nature's blue vaulted skies. His name should not perish in the smoldering ashes of neglect, but should be kept bright by the fire of Freethought and liberty, his name should be carved on the shining monument of peace, happiness and love. If you had ever read "Dog Fennel" by Mr. Moore you would know what to expect in the memorial. Some things that will interest, I can assure you, his writings should be stamped on the brain long to be remembered by man.

He was urged by an untiring effort for the betterment of humanity, he worked to uproot ignorance and superstition and brighten the torch of Liberty and love. Never did man work harder, suffer and endure more than Mr. Moore in his work of infidelity he was an apt and able scholar, he understood things when he saw them, as they were, and was not afraid of the truth.

His aim was to cut down error and establish truth, and he worked hard to that end. His travels in the Orient taught him more than years of hard study at home. Mr. Moore said if he was a young man and had the choice of entering college or making his trip, he would choose the latter. He was witty, pathetic and humorous in his writings, he was on an equal with all a teacher to the ignorant and super-

stitions, and was a friend to the needy and the poor, and the poor, and was a helpmate. Why should we not as than other men, he spoke kindly of Freethinkers place this man's writings before the world and let it wrap up in a silent grave, his works might save a many a man from a life of ignorance and superstition, and draw him into a brighter realm of reason and knowledge and teach all men that there men, he did not deem himself better worth living.

Read from men who have cast off the yoke of Christianity, and love and cherish your dear ones, and put babbling to an unknown god and worshiping an ignorant man who lived in an uneducated era. Let us not forget Mr. Moore for his writings will be just as fresh as the dew drop in early morn. Place your name on the subscription list and make his name immortal.

C. E. Johnson, Tyler, I. T.

ABOUT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Let All The Nations Disarm If We Are To Have Peace--No Other Policy Will Produce It.

(From Columbus Citizens)

The first national arbitration and peace conference in America is now meeting in New York. Columbus is represented by a half dozen or more delegates. In midsummer will be the second conference at The Hague.

They say the object of all these meetings is "Peace."

Perhaps you wonder what it all amounts to.

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SOCIALISTS

ARE WARMING UP

One More Blade Reader Takes Issue With Recent Criticisms on their Social Theory and Capt. Clark caused it.

(By George Leeson.)

The most amusing recent article in the Blade is from Cuba ingeniously headed, "Ideas for your brains to work on."

Written by an old dearly beloved brother Capt. R. L. Clark seventy-two years of age who for more than fifty years served in the ranks of the army of freethought in all parts of the world and in all of the five continents and is the sole survivor of a numerous family, a ten year subscriber to the Blade which he compliments. He is a professional teacher and scholar of high rank and much lying which reminds us of parent a punishment, requiring us to find a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff.

He is evidently a plutocrat! also a spiritualist or quaker because he says, "the spirit moves me to express my ideas and give you my opinion upon the various matters discussed the past year" in the Blade.

He denounces freethought organization and calls its advocates, "infernal lot of pigmy minded chicken brained gobs of cheek and gall god natured tailless dog makers who can catch chipmunks, wood chucks, and pole cats, but no lions, eagles or whales."

He advises clubbing organizers until Gabriel with his horns ears for gehenna where you belong.

His argument if so logical and unanswerable, we agree we will submit to our dear brother captain's wisdom and advice and denounce church, military and all like organizations deep-

line as a lot of "infernal pigmy minded chicken brained gobs who's principal stock in trade is numerical snark and gall or captains of logic parietical pomposity, thanks to the brother for the knowledge gleaned from this dear old nation brother."

He then chides Mr. Wilson for calling him brother, we agree we will call brother on this question also, as brother, Captain, Esquire, Colonel, Reverend and the like reminds us of the curl in a pigs tail more for ornament than use or as Lincoln said of McClelland while he was commander in chief of the army, Lincoln said McClelland played hell on dress parade but was not worth a dam for actual service so our dearly beloved brother is right again.

Our dearly beloved brother then says "the infidel Christianity and socialism who chew the rag over the infernal blasted root the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We ought to throw the old Jew God overboard (to talk on the water) and if (meaning the scientists) make any determined effort there is going to be hell to pay with hot pitch and in Germany (that infidel nation) clerical and socialists have united and made common cause of their nefarious scheme (like church and State in America). Oh now we see why our dearly beloved brother captain is a true organization, it because ninety-five per cent of our freethought chicken brained gobs are socialists for the love of liberty. Pain, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, and like infidels who advocated the universal rights of man and inspired the world with into chicken brained gobs."

Oh what a pity Captain Jenks article did not appear in time to prevent these crazy acts. Hence all we can now do is join our brother and chase as he did by vehemently dog damning socialists and if they do not return to unadmitted slavery we will help our brother captain give them hot pitch and learn them to hot the powers that be for such are ordained of God.

A Good Worker Goss.

Another brave Freethinker has passed over the dead line James Mitchell, a native of Arbroath, Scotland, just over forty years in this country died at his home near Wilber, Neb. He was a full fledged and uncompromising atheist, a subscriber to the Blade and he sent each copy of the Blade to a friend in Arbroath, Scotland, where it is crowding Presbyterianism uncomfortable.

H. Kilgore.

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JAMES E. HUGHES, Editor and Publisher

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Think freely.

Don't be afraid to speak.

Meet the world with a laugh.

The truly strong never ignore the weak.

Half fare men cannot reform the world.

The full hand often goes with an empty heart.

Paradise or perdition. The only difference is in the spelling.

The man who dares not think of failure is always sure to win.

When shooting at folly as she flits most men are mighty poor shots.

They who only think of themselves waste a great deal of thought on a small subject.

If those who are about to wed would only sleep over it the divorce courts might catch up with their docket.

Many a saintly sinner knows how to be a good christian on a full stomach but his real hell when the pinch comes.

William J. Bryan says if he were rich enough he would take the presidency without a salary. Where is there a citizen who wouldn't.

Women may insist that they are not addicted to gambling but most of them play a desperate game of chance when they face the marriage altar.

Love of money may be the root of all evil, but love of power is a close twin and few men know how to use either in mercy, honor and justice.

There are lots of people who have not energy enough to make a mistake but they are not in the least progressive. Better a few mistakes and a little progress than none at all.

"Work is worship" cried the old monks, and in a sense that remark is truthfully true, but there are too many men and women in this old world who persistently refuse to worship work.

All the way from Germany comes the announcement that some scientist has found the way to take the nicotine out of tobacco. Now let some fellow come along and extract the jag from bug juice and the world will forge ahead a thousand years.

When Christ comes again let us hope that he will make his entry into America on something more high toned than an ass and a colt, the foal of an ass, else how does he expect Rockefeller and Wauermann and the other religious peddlers to welcome him.

It is not to be wondered at that the great bulk of the American voters dwell in political ignorance. How on earth can they learn? From what fountain can they imbibe political knowledge and morality? Dependent upon a corrupt press they are misled and misguided for corruption cannot inculcate honesty.

Once the American people regain their lost senses they will go further than France as regards the church. Generally speaking it ought to be declared a nuisance, made to pay its pro rata of taxation, but it ought to be made to pay a special license like the saloons and other supposed pests of the great body social.

Atheists and Agosties, Jew and Catholics, all are taxed to provide fat salaries for army, navy, prison and legislature chaplains of the Protestant persuasion, while every State in the Union has a law making it a crime to do on Sunday what is praiseworthy on Monday. Such are the inconsistencies of the advocates of a divinely inspired religion.

Why not take off the accursed political interdiction? Give place in the industrial ranks to every man able to wield the hammer or swing the steel and strengthen his heart and arm by the knowledge that whatsoever of wealth is created by his work that he shall surely have and the most extravagant dream of the optimist will be realized at once. The moonlight will become as sunlight and water as unto wine.

Like Mahomet, let us say unto those who insist upon bowing before a fetish, whether it be a book, a person, an image, or a mere guess at things. Behold, your god has flies on it. Put both God and Satan behind, come into the light and proclaim yourselves men and women. Age does not create holiness and considering the time this god business has been running it surely has abundance of flies on it.

Why should man fear to die? If death ends all we experience no disappointment, grasp no Apples of Sodom when we pass into that ever dreamless sleep. If we awaken never more we cannot miss the sweet companionship of wife or child or friend, but the world still rolls on and we are as though we had never been born. Is not this far better, more hopeful and restful than to think of heaven with its morbid pleasures and hell with its infinite terrors and tortures.

The fact that fearful catastrophes occur in a play den and danger lurk, may not altogether disprove the existence of God, but it does brand him as a demon if it all happens in his name, with his knowledge and consent. After all it is by nature's laws that we live and by nature's laws that we die. 'Tis they that hold the stars in their eternal courses and send the mighty host of planets whirling forever around the sun. To some, the god idea is a necessity absolute, but they are mere pigmy's in strength and of little value to the race.

In the ranks of Free Thought alone may be found those bright and glowing minds that may be relied upon to illumine the dark ways and days of our human life. If you are not with us, get in the band wagon.

Talk about tainted money, the worst tainted is that which lies in the purse of idlers for it has been filched from the pockets of those who work and toil. These unjust holders will not be removed until the worker takes a tumble to himself.

How the Annnias club grows. Not until Roosevelt and Harriman got at it could the American people understand that even politicians can lie. If we may judge of a tree by its fruits then one or the other ought to be elected to the presidency of the club by a unanimous vote.

It is difficult to convince a man, whose eyes never get above the level of an empty pocket, that there is blue in the sky. Our bountiful deity is to encourage him to lift his eyes up towards the light and stand as a beacon for brighter and better things. Humanity needs such treatment.

He who holds fast to truth yields a greater power than sceptered sovereign and is richer by far than human fancy ever feigned. He is able to gaze upon the towering heights with undimmed eye and measure his strength against rocky walls. He is the man upon whom the race depends and is looked upon as the star behind the throne.

Once again have we been advised that we should strive to "build 'till and cease trying so much to 'tear down." This is good enough if it be wrong to attack falsehood but while falsehood exists, even in the name of religion, minus policies, it is well to tear down, and there has yet to be a lot of tearing down to be done before the Masters Builders can get in their work. The Blade hopes to do its share.

By the way, what about that new subscriber? The remark said to have been made by the Governor of North Carolina to the Chief Executive of North Carolina would be truly applicable in our case. We hope that dollar wheat will arise and hump itself and then our subscription list may be able to grow correspondingly. A good way is to hand your Blade to a friend, ask him to read it, and approving, he has a chance to subscribe. A good word or two now and then wouldn't hurt much.

The christian route to Kingdom Come is worse than asking a man to attempt to cross the Pacific in a soap box. Every earth passenger is entitled to a ride in Sharon's boat without having to show a ticket at the gang-plank. Could the religious fanatics have their way every man, woman and child who declined to accept the conditions imposed would be pushed overboard and a life line thrown out. Not the infidels alone would deserve this fate, but other Christians who disagreed and this is the effect of Christian charity and love.

The American people have won both freedom and glory and yet, both have failed, for we have become the subjects of native Caesars and the serfs of foreign shylocks. That we are approaching never a life line thrown out. Not the infidels alone influence of the plutocrat and the poverty of the working people. The first reaps where he has not sown and gathers where he has not strewn. If ing barbarism may be inferred from the magnitude he insists upon exercising the right of public meeting he is nabbed and hustled off to jail.

Why chase happiness and complain that you cannot cover it with a No. 6 hat? Assuming there is a god and he made the universe he must have been in a state of unrest or he would not have made half the people in the world today. It is the same spirit of unrest that drives man out to noble deeds, that lifts him out of the gutter where wallow the dumb beasts of earth. Life's beauty were born of suffering and sorrow for every life's work is an agony, and behind every sun there lurks a sigh. We may be happy as we rise above sorrow and pain, but because we cannot find happiness here is no reason we seek for it in some fancied heaven.

PATRIOTISM AND WAR.

What did the Peace Conference meet for? Did the Hague tribunal accomplish any good? One may well ask these questions but only a negative answer can be made.

What the Conference should have done is best explained in a vigorous article which appeared in the editorial column of the Columbus O. Citizen. A friend, who from personal choice signs himself "Rev. Fiddle, D. D." evidently being in play upon the common expression "Fiddlededee" does not agree with, or approve of the sentiments therein expressed, and says: "General Grant said: 'war is Hellfire' but I want to add that when you disarm a nation you destroy patriotism at the same blow. Any American citizen who regards his country's honor as his own will tell you the same. All the foreign countries who have been up against Uncle Sam will say so, too."

The quotation from Grant is apt but it does not fit the contentions of our correspondent. War being "hell" to use the correct phraseology would suggest that it could be abolished, for the place, or condition, he compared it with, could not be made desirable at any stage of the game. It should hardly be necessary to remind anyone that peace hath as great and lasting victories as ever war can boast. True courage does not necessarily imply that a man must face the cannon's brazen outrageous misfortune, to bear up under the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. A true citizen society, requires more true courage than to face an army or to ride full panoplied into the jaws of hell.

Patriotism is not exclusively demonstrated by the willingness to fight a foreign foe that our country's honor may be fully protected. Sometimes that honor becomes a fickle jade. Sometimes it is made a feather in the caps of fools. To resist an armed and forceful invasion, to protect the home from assault, may justify a resort to arms but there exists no moral justification for a war of mere conquest, although when an emergency arises the American Nation is ready for it. The Blade does not altogether agree with its correspondent. There is much of truth in the editorial referred to. Disarmament must be universal to be useful and effective. When nations cease the manufacture of implements of war the earth will be sown with kindly things than dragon's teeth, but then and not till then, will that desired peace come. The editorial is published in another column.

WHAT IS A REAL CUSS WORD?

It takes a good-size "damn" to move some people into activity, both mental and physical, and it seems that William T. Stead, the well known English literateur, has been equal to the emergency.

Had a thunderbolt from some angry god been hurled into their midst no greater surprise would have followed for the New York Methodist conference than when Mr. Stead let fall his well-meaning "Damn" upon that congregation of dried sponges.

While elaborating upon some fanciful and hypothetical police pilgrimage, Mr. Stead told his hearers that he cared not "a damn" for their means unless they proved their faith by deeds." Of course these self-sanctified successors of John Wesley were horrified to a degree, but Stead had simply manifested the courage to say that in public which most of those present have said, many a time, in private. To some people Mr. Stead's ejaculation would seem to be a cuss, or a swear, word, but men will swear for the same reason that women weep, just to ease the mind or the conscience.

The climax came, however, when Mr. Stead boldly asserted that he "failed to find the church of christ in America." How true? He might have gone further and insisted that he failed to find it anywhere. The churches of today are as unlike Christ as it is possible for them to be. Christ never preached for pay. Christ did not hold his hand to his ear listening for a call to preach. Christ built no million dollar churches but a hill-side was his pulpit and a river of water his baptismal font. He wore no broadcloth suits with white chokers nor presumed to rob widows and orphans that he might roll in luxury and wealth. Search the world over and over again and the Church of Christ will be found an empty dream.

a mere chimera, a fiction, a hope that the professing Christian world will never realize.

While the swear word uttered by Mr. Stead simply created a temporary confusion in the minds of the unco guide, the latter criticism brought upon his head an avalanche of opposition. Preachers everywhere are resenting the accusation, for their jobs are in jeopardy. His statement was a truth they were not prepared to meet. They are now simply trying to find excuses and explanations. With it all they cannot break the force of the remark made for there are too many people in America who know it to be true. The preachers know it themselves and it is in this fact that the shoe is known to pinch most. Impotent for good they are unable to stand the acid test of criticism and the worst of it is that an Englishman had to tell them so.

Whether the dressing them Methodists received is it to do any good remains to be seen. The Blade would like to know something of the spirit in which it was given and meant. If it was delivered as a sort of exhortation for criticism only the effort will be a failure, but if he meant it as a genuine, rip-roaring, old-fashioned, back-wooden cuss word something good may come out of Nazareth.

PLAYED ON THE WRONG COLOR.

Parkhurst found the tenderloin a source of profit.

Rev. W. H. Mears, of the Episcopal Diocese of New York has found it a rock of destruction. The former directed his energies towards the white wantons and was successful, but the latter had a longing for the seneagambian and now he is out of a job.

We are informed by the news associations that Rev. Mears has been unfrocked because of having been arrested, caught with the goods on him, in a house of questionable character on Seventh Avenue in Gotham's tenderloin and, may heaven forbid, in the company of a negro woman.

Being caught at his ebony game the preacher realized the jig was up and he stoutly resisted the officers in the faithful performance of their duty by resisting arrest and putting up a fight. It was of no use, however, for the law is mighty even in New York, especially when administered by a pair of six feet cops, and he fell a victim to the ways of man who resent the unholy alliance of the whites with the blacks and the skylit was carried into durance vile. The affair naturally found its way into the columns of the daily papers. It reached the eyes, or the ears, of his Bishop and the latter proceeded with neatness and dispatch to disrobe him. Now that Rev. Mears is no longer Bp., but just a plain ordinary mortal without character or reputation.

Apparently the preacher found a ready excuse. Like Joseph of old he not only denied the apple but proceeded to damn the woman. He protested too much for his protestations became pre-shapive evidences of his guilt. His excuse was that he had simply followed the woman into the home named that he might be able to gather materials which he could work up into a sermon, but neither the police or the Bishop believed him. Nor is this all, but he sought to accuse the woman of an attempt to rob him and declared that he suspected the officers to be confederates who were intending to help the woman to commit that offense upon him.

It is only too true, sadly true, that in every large city there are to be found abandoned women despite all the contrivances of law-making and moralizing. This evil can never be eradicated so long as men who are supposed to point the way to virtue's path indulge in a degrading licentiousness. Had Rev. Mears simply followed up a woman of his own color he might have averted suspicion. With a negro woman of known bad character he became an object of official inquiry. The evil, however, is probably as old as society, coeval with mankind. History, tradition itself, goes not back to a time when statutes confessedly human, professedly divine, were espoused of men, treading the fierce fires that blaze with the blood. In the present case we are forced to the conclusion that it was an instance wherein the preacher could say do not as I do but say as I say. He failed to realize that example was better than precept and took upon himself the Joseph's coat of illit contact, a coat woven of Passion's infernal wool in the loom of Time.

It is a veritable truth that such men as Rev. Mears are responsible for the railroadings of so many women to the social hell. With the latter it may be force of circumstances, but with the former it was simply a lawless lust and between them logic is added to the cohorts of shame. Such men as he create the suspicion that female chastity is an overpriced bauble, but we may be thankful that all men are not like unto this unfrocked priest. If the truth were actually known, there are yet men wearing the cloth who are no better, morally, than Rev. Mears. Could their secrets be known there would be few indeed who could stand a baking-powder purity test.

Like the man who lost at roulette, Rev. Mears had played on the wrong color. Materials for an interesting sermon might have been gathered from such a source, but somehow else, other than Rev. Mears, would have had to preach it. His conduct is a whole sermon in itself, and would thinking men and women but heed the moral lesson contained therein the church would take a speedy fall into perdition, or elsewhere. Rev. Mears has not only disgraced the cloth but he has disgraced himself and disgraced the Anglo-Saxon people. He is not a fit associate for a decent dog.

ROAST

GIVEN THE PARSONS

But Lawyers and Doctors come in for their full share. Only one Fifth of the male population believe the Christian Religion.

RELIGION OF CHRIST NEVER BEEN PREACHED

(By Elbert Hubbard.)
The Philadelphia North American, of recent date, publishes the following interesting extracts from a well received address given by Fra Eberhart:

Here are some of the floundrings gently thrown off by Fra Eberhart himself in his lecture on "Factors, Laws and Preachers." He gave to a good-looking audience of 2,100 in the Academy of Music last evening:

"There is nothing permanent but change."

"Doctors charge \$5 to \$500 for similar services; lawyers insist all you've got and eke them live on tips."

"According to common report, there are three 'learned professions'—miscalled, because much of what they know is not true—and one of them doesn't pay full fare on the railroads yet. The preacher rides on a child's ticket, but his childlike doesn't consist in the size of his body. It's his mentality."

"We believe in the thing that is to our interest to believe in."

"In a lawsuit, both sides always lose—to the lawyers!"

"If you're at all right unless you get it from Milwaukee."

"Half the business of every lawyer is to show us how to evade the law."

"In this country only one man out of every five believes in the Christian religion, yet the four-fifths are taxed to pay for a religion they don't believe."

Nearer to Real Religion.
"Did you ever notice that the Christian religion and the Christ religion are totally different things? The religion of Christ has never been practiced, but I believe we are on the verge of it right now."

"One assurance is a sign of good luck, but a wagon load of horseshoes is junk."

"The trouble with some people's health is that they give the wood-pile absent treatment."

"The best doctors nowadays are those who give the least medicine and charge the largest fees."

"It takes twenty years of persistent practice and constant effort to bring on a good case of locomotor ataxia, and ten years of the same programme to hatch a case on Bright's disease."

"Habits, when young, are like lion whelps—they can play with them without danger. But as they grow older they get strong and either put you on the Success Limited or the Twenty-three Skidoo Accommodation without a return ticket."

"The world was discovered in 1492, but it was not until 1776 that man was discovered, and woman was not discovered until a hundred years after that, although some folks had long suspected her existence."

"As to Hospital 'Dope.'"

"When we go to a hospital, they give us cocaine and remove our pocket-books."

"Billy Mulholland says no man ever has insomnia who has to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning."

"To get a job is just as well as to accept a situation."

"Any man who gets the study habit will become a distinguished person."

"In the matter of fresh air we are very economical. That's because it's free, like salvation. If there were air-meters, we would use a great deal more and think a great deal more of what we do use, and if we wait long enough, the Standard Oil may give us the meters."

FRIENDSHIP.

(By Harry S. Chester.)
It's not in the new found friend you meet.

It's all in the friend you hold;
For an honest friend up to the end
Is worth his weight in gold.
Perhaps it's true that faces new
Some passing joys impart,
But the steadfast friends are the ones
Who stay.

With a mortgage on your heart.

What care I for the surface smile
Of the multi-millionaire,
With his condescending patronage,
If the friendly heart, there,
I want the grasp of the good, glad hand,
That softens troubled frowns,
Whether it's backed with a princely robe
Or a suit of hand-me-downs.

Keep On Keepin' On.
If the days look kindingly gloomy
An' your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'

And the prospects awful grim,
Let's periphrases keep prosin',
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Jus' bristle up, and grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on!

ARGUMENT ON EPIPHANY.

The following is a clear demonstration of the mental attitude of one who died at West Ripley, Maine. It is the all in all of existence:

—John L. Jones—
—Born Feb. 7, 1871—
—Died Aug. 11, 1875—
I came without my own consent,
Lived a few years much discontent
At human errors grieving;
I ruled myself by reason's laws,
I got contempt for hell's damnation.
Because of disbelieving,
For nothing 'er I could content,
To faith some people did assent.
Alone could gain salvation.

But now the grass does me enclose,
The superstitious will suppose
I am doomed to hell's damnation.
But as to that they do not know—
Opinions oft from ignorance flow
Devoid of some foundation.
Tis only men should be deceived
When anything by them believed.

RELIGIOUS CREEDS OF PRISONERS

Compilation of Figures Showing the Effect of Religious Beliefs Upon the Criminally Inclined.

(By William Cooper.)
Some of your readers may remember the fact of a discussion few months ago, started by an alleged statement of a noted Jewish Rabbi of Chicago, on the subject of the religious convictions of prisoners in the jails of this and other countries. In a little contribution of my own to the subject at issue, I was able to give from memory, the number of free-thinkers who had been in durance vile, in one average year compared with the numbers of inmates, of a large jail in London.

As the subject is one that can not fail to be of great interest, not only to free-thinkers in general, but also to the general reader and student of political economy, I have purchased a copy for this "Blade" of the latest Whitaker's Almanac, which, if the standing authority recognized throughout the world on so many matters, of interest not only to free-thinkers to England and her immense colonial possessions, but to every other country on the globe.

From this bulky volume of nearly one thousand pages, I have copied the facts here given relating to the religious beliefs of prisoners, in the prisons of the British Isles, on March 28, 1906.

Church of England (Episcopal).....	1,608
Roman Catholics.....	4,397
Wesleyan Methodists.....	350
Methodist, New Connexion.....	8
Primitive Methodists.....	65
Bible Christians.....	8
United Methodists.....	8
Methodist Free Church.....	25
Calvinistic Methodists.....	25
Congregationalists.....	55
Presbyterians.....	79
Baptists.....	132
Salvation Army.....	15
Quakers.....	15
Plymouth Brethren.....	1
Christian Brothers.....	1
Greek Church.....	19
Waldensians.....	1
Mohammedans.....	5
Spiritualists.....	1
Atheists.....	22

While the number of 26 had been unable to give any profession of any faith, or 'unbelief' at all, and one prisoner was suffering from delirium tremens, the most adherents, even in the sparsely populated county districts, the Church of England is the church of the people, and the 'squire and the Episcopal parson are the big boys of the village.'

The one feature that gives a pleasure to the good scholar, comparatively, the Salvation Army makes, composed as they are in a great sense of the sum of the large cities, many of them old jail birds, very many reformed drunks, and had characters of both sexes. Every city and town has its devotees of the "Army," so they exist in their thousands and tens of thousands.

The Blade a Jewel.

East Liberty, Ohio.
James E. Hughes.
The Blue Blade is a jewel from which I get all my present and future bearings and do not go back for 2000 years to get my bearings for today.
The future is more present than the past for one look backward a thousand years forward we cast.
Spencer Garwood.

WHY

SHOULD MAN PUT

Any Trust in God? Profusion of Belief in Duty Carries no Value in Practice. Beliefs Have no Force Behind Them.

ETHICAL THEORY PUTS WORDS IN ACTION

(From London Free-thinker.)
The following interesting article is from the pen of C. Cohen and is reproduced from the London Free-thinker.

One of the sayings attributed to Abraham Lincoln, that while he may fool all the people some of the time, and even some of the people all the time, it is impossible to fool all the people all the time. Sooner or later the sham is discovered and the fraud exposed. An institution that may have stood for centuries loses its hold on one here and another there, and while there may be some who remain there to the end, there is in the very nature of the case, a diminishing quantity. Lincoln's saying is broadly, only an acknowledgment of the prelateness of facts, and of their ultimate supremacy simply because they are persistent. A fact is the most stubborn of all things. One may refuse to acknowledge its presence for a time, but it remains as often as we will—it is immovable; and the recurring evidence is productive of a growing feeling of humiliation. The Gradgrindian Philosophy was false only because it refused to acknowledge the whole of the facts, but persisted in an arbitrary selection of a few. And it is the neglected facts that ultimately wrecked it, as they sooner or later wreck all false or distorted views of life.

A proper perception by the clergy and their supporters of this would lead far towards supplying an answer to their lamentations at the insincerity of religious professions. For centuries the clergy have been complaining that a profession of belief in Christian doctrine carried with it little or no value in practice, and age has neither withered nor weakened the complaint. On the contrary, the outcry gets stronger with the lapse of years. *Effidetur specialiter*, or in special cases religious belief may be operative in life for good; but under normal conditions it becomes, in the vast majority of cases a mere profession, active only for harm, since it stands in the way of beliefs of a more helpful character. This phenomenon is not at all difficult to understand. If religious beliefs were based upon the permanent realities of human nature, there would have been formed—instead of a mere profession to belief—a habit of thinking and acting that would be almost automatic. The mere profession of religious belief would be no more than a truce than that of family affection while its result in action would be almost as secure. The pressure of life in other words, would maintain the full influence of religion as maintains the influence of the feelings that cluster round the family or society at large. But religious beliefs have no such conservative force behind them: They are based upon views of the world and of men that have been discarded, and are in a type of mind that is in process of extinction. The result is that religion has to be kept alive by a series of artificial stimulants, and, in the nature of the case, the stimulants become less and less effective as their nature is realized.

An illustration of what has been said above is furnished by a sentence in a recent sermon by Mr. G. H. May Morgan, M. P. Mr. Morgan belongs to the numerous band of Non-conformists which graces the present House of Commons, and who, in addition to their brain-taxing legislative labors, deliver occasional sermons to religious audiences. These will at least have the effect of making educated religionists feel grateful to them for having devoted their principal energies to the political field. Mr. Morgan notes how little real faith people have in the general goodness and wisdom of God, and observes: "We are often far greater Atheists than we dare confess to ourselves. We believe in God theoretically, but we do not believe in Him practically. We have more faith in a millionaire to help us in our daily life than in the Lord God Almighty."

I have not quoted this statement in order to impeach its accuracy. On the contrary, it is only what has been said over and over again in these columns, although Christians, when confronting Free-thinkers, have been slow to admit its truth. I quote this sentence merely to point the moral which Mr. Morgan fails to deduce.

Suppose one were to put the plain question to Mr. Morgan, "Why should we have more faith in the Lord God Almighty than in a millionaire?" How would he reply? He would probably regard the question as too "blasphemous" to deserve any; yet it is surely pertinent enough. Or he might—which is more likely—turn the question to a liberal dose of the customary platitudes concerning the wisdom and benevolence of God as the Creator and Sustainer of the universe, which would be a sheer evasion of the question. Millionaires may be frequently not very admirable people; but let us be fair even to them, and we must admit that they do often use their money power so as to benefit their fellows. At any rate, and whether for good or evil, the existence of the millionaire is a fact, no one questions it; enemy and friend alike agreed upon the power he wields. Is there any certainty in the case of God? His existence, on the most favorable view, is but a possibility; his wisdom and benevolence a mere inference, and one rejected as unwarranted by some of the keenest thinkers of modern times. More we should, in case of distress or suffering, approach a millionaire with some amount of respect, than we should in which he would act. Could we place an equal reliance upon God showing the same regard for human welfare? If there is a God, he shows himself positively callous to human well-being. Thousands of human beings are destroyed by fire, flood, pestilence, or earthquake, with as little regard for human welfare as though humanity were a variety of the ephemera. Why, a millionaire who acted with as little regard for individual human well-being as, presumably, God, would send his fellow-men a mortal monster. It is not an Atheist, but a professing believer, and one with far more ability than the average preacher—Mr. W. H. Malloch—who plainly says that if people look at the fact of an ungodly God, they will see that if it bears witness to the existence of any controlling Being, instead of a good and wise God, he is "a scatter-brained, semi-powerful, semi-impatient monster. Most of his acts are contorted as the thoughts of criminal madmen. We are forced to regard him, when he seems to exhibit benevolence, not as divinely benevolent, but merely weak and capricious, like a boy who fondles a kitten and the next moment sets a dog at it."

Why should man place reliance upon a God of this description—a God who speaks to him through a disaster like the wreck of the Berlin, or a catastrophe like that of San Francisco or Kingston? Can he any reason to place his faith in him when the millionaire? One might even say, as a matter of fact and not of mere theory, on whom or what did Mr. Morgan himself place most reliance during the last general election—on the war-chief of the Liberal Party or on the power of God? on the influence of canvassing and speech-making or on that of a chapel prayer-meeting? When it comes to a question of fact, I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Morgan acts as we all act—upon our experience of life, and upon that of our predecessors. And what is this experience? It is that all human civilization is the outcome of the human effort of thousands of generations. That humanity has had to tread every step of the way at the cost of bitter experience and incalculable suffering. The innocent have suffered through the guilty, with kindness and gentleness often seized upon by nature or God as an occasion for the infliction of punishment. The Gods have been utterly impudently indifferent to man's welfare, or bitterly hostile to his development. There is hardly a step forward that has not been made in defiance of the supposed will of God; and, if human experience has taught man anything at all, it is surely that human development depends upon mankind acquiring the power of self-dependence and the quality of co-operation, while treating the Gods as a negligible factor in their lives.

And is not this what is actually coming to pass? Mr. Morgan says we are often far greater Atheists than we think. Of course we are; how could it be otherwise? We may profess faith in prayer to cure disease, but in times of necessity we call in a physician and a surgeon. We may believe that faith will move mountains, but experience has shown that we must depend upon engineers to bore tunnels or construct bridges. We may pray for the safe voyage of a ship, but we all know that a well-built vessel with a skilful navigator, is far more efficacious. We may say we believe that God is on the side of right in warfare, but we neglect no opportunity of outmaneuvering the enemy in men and metal. No goodness of shape, discipline, or discipline will protect a man from the attack of deadly disease, nor has the social value of a single individual ever been known to guard his life against the knife of the assassin or the

destructive action of natural forces. Man does not trust his God in practice because invariably experience has shown what a broken reed it is on which to rely. And mankind, to vary Lincoln's phrase, can not go on fooling itself for ever.

We are, then, Atheists in fact, because action very often precedes theory. Ethical theory is only after all, putting into words what has long been implicit in action. Life proceeds theory, and philosophy at best can only explain and systematize what is and what has been. Let us, then, try and be philosophers, and instead of seeing in this long-extended divorce between Christian theory and Christian practice, not human wickedness, but an expression of the truth that life's forces are too strong for Christian doctrines. We ignore God in practice because, in practice, he has failed to justify itself, find it less otherwise, the belief in God is too old and too widespread a fact in human history for it not to have dominated practice as it has dominated theory. But institutions, all beliefs, all forms of life, are subject to the operation of Natural Selection—they must refrain, beyond a certain point, from obstructing social welfare, or they must vanish. Religious beliefs have not vanished, but they have been profoundly modified under the pressure of life's incident forces. And the practical Atheism of our normal life is a registration of this fact and a trustworthy promise of their ultimate disappearance.

BETTER THINGS.

(By Benjamin Keech.)
Tis better to speak kindly words,
Tis better to do kindly deeds,
Tis better to know
That the seeds you may sow
Will blossom as flowers, not weeds.
Tis better to do with a will
The duty that comes one by one;
Tis better to say,
At the close of the day:
"I have tried to leave nothing undone."
Tis better to cultivate love,
Contented with the thoughts of worth;
Tis better to fight
For the cause that is right
Than to covet the riches of earth.
Tis better to smile, too, the heart
Be burdened with sorrow and pain;
Tis better to smile,
For 'tis always worth while
And we'll never pass this way again.

No. It is Our Fault.

(By J. E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.)
Dear Sir: Your letter at hand today, if an angel to learn that the delay is not in the Postal business it will be more apt to be prepared adjusted with you as with them.

Taking into consideration your tear up in moving I thought perhaps you

might get mixed on the extra I ordered of the one containing my last letter, the date of Feb. 10, when I sent the letter I sent for some extra but have forgotten how many. Mr. H. H. Dow had me send 50 cents for him; had some friends he wished to send papers to.

I did not send the money for my first order; it is already sent to me. I will send the money as soon as I receive them. I would send it now but I don't know how much to send; it is not sent you may send the twenty copies on receipt of this. I think it will have some influence in getting people to read the old book to learn of its contents.

I will not consume your time further. With best wishes for the Blade I am yours,
Lewis.

GRADUATION GIFTS.

As a final and lasting token of affection, and a precious souvenir of parental and friendship's love, it has been customary, on these occasions, to select mementoes of special merit and intrinsic value, that might last during life and for many generations to come, as a token of remembrance not only of the school-life, but of the loved ones who, when frail and dependent, watched, cared for and taught them during their early life.

What can be nicer a more suitable for such gifts than a genuine diamond, daintily mounted in ring, pin, stud or otherwise. These can be had for \$10, \$20, \$30, up. They are indestructible, a joy forever and will last as long as the world will revolve in its orbit; neither do they ever depreciate in value. Or a Gold Watch, which is useful during life as well as ornamental.

Ladies Gold Watches.

Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hamilton, 20-year gold filled, hunting case, latest style, article hand-chain, 7 lbs. \$8; 15 lbs. \$11; 15 lbs. \$13; Small (4) size Elgin, Waltham or Hamilton, 15 lbs. \$11; 15 lbs. \$13; 15 lbs. \$15; 15 lbs. \$18; 15 lbs. \$21; 15 lbs. \$24; 15 lbs. \$27; 15 lbs. \$30; 15 lbs. \$33; 15 lbs. \$36; 15 lbs. \$39; 15 lbs. \$42; 15 lbs. \$45; 15 lbs. \$48; 15 lbs. \$51; 15 lbs. \$54; 15 lbs. \$57; 15 lbs. \$60; 15 lbs. \$63; 15 lbs. \$66; 15 lbs. \$69; 15 lbs. \$72; 15 lbs. \$75; 15 lbs. \$78; 15 lbs. \$81; 15 lbs. \$84; 15 lbs. \$87; 15 lbs. \$90; 15 lbs. \$93; 15 lbs. \$96; 15 lbs. \$99; 15 lbs. \$102; 15 lbs. \$105; 15 lbs. \$108; 15 lbs. \$111; 15 lbs. \$114; 15 lbs. \$117; 15 lbs. \$120; 15 lbs. \$123; 15 lbs. \$126; 15 lbs. \$129; 15 lbs. \$132; 15 lbs. \$135; 15 lbs. \$138; 15 lbs. \$141; 15 lbs. \$144; 15 lbs. \$147; 15 lbs. \$150; 15 lbs. \$153; 15 lbs. \$156; 15 lbs. \$159; 15 lbs. \$162; 15 lbs. \$165; 15 lbs. \$168; 15 lbs. \$171; 15 lbs. \$174; 15 lbs. \$177; 15 lbs. \$180; 15 lbs. \$183; 15 lbs. \$186; 15 lbs. \$189; 15 lbs. \$192; 15 lbs. \$195; 15 lbs. \$198; 15 lbs. \$201; 15 lbs. \$204; 15 lbs. \$207; 15 lbs. \$210; 15 lbs. \$213; 15 lbs. \$216; 15 lbs. \$219; 15 lbs. \$222; 15 lbs. \$225; 15 lbs. \$228; 15 lbs. \$231; 15 lbs. \$234; 15 lbs. \$237; 15 lbs. \$240; 15 lbs. \$243; 15 lbs. \$246; 15 lbs. \$249; 15 lbs. \$252; 15 lbs. \$255; 15 lbs. \$258; 15 lbs. \$261; 15 lbs. \$264; 15 lbs. \$267; 15 lbs. \$270; 15 lbs. \$273; 15 lbs. \$276; 15 lbs. \$279; 15 lbs. \$282; 15 lbs. \$285; 15 lbs. \$288; 15 lbs. \$291; 15 lbs. \$294; 15 lbs. \$297; 15 lbs. \$300; 15 lbs. \$303; 15 lbs. \$306; 15 lbs. \$309; 15 lbs. \$312; 15 lbs. \$315; 15 lbs. \$318; 15 lbs. \$321; 15 lbs. \$324; 15 lbs. \$327; 15 lbs. \$330; 15 lbs. \$333; 15 lbs. \$336; 15 lbs. \$339; 15 lbs. \$342; 15 lbs. \$345; 15 lbs. \$348; 15 lbs. \$351; 15 lbs. \$354; 15 lbs. \$357; 15 lbs. \$360; 15 lbs. \$363; 15 lbs. \$366; 15 lbs. \$369; 15 lbs. \$372; 15 lbs. \$375; 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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

After months of delay, months of failure in an effort to get caught up with the Blade, we are pleased to announce to our readers that we are now in a better position to get the Blade out on time and give it more improved appearance. We are making arrangements to inject into it a new life, furnish more editorial writing and a general all round improvement. While we have considered, and do now, that the Blade is the equal of any Free Thought paper published in America, not considering the price, and superior to some, we realize that there is much room for improvement and will now be able to make such improvements that may be necessary.

Our ambition is to make the Blade absolutely the best Free Thought paper in America. We also desire to get it more widely read. To do this we are preparing to send out sample copies, as many as the new postal law will allow, and we ask that our friends and readers aid us in this effort. It is not to be expected that we know who to send them to. Our friends can aid us by sending us names of Free Thought friends who would be likely to become a subscriber and we can then send out a number of sample copies in the hope of securing them. Don't wait until tomorrow to send these names in but it now before you forget it.

GOD OR GOLD

In the old days men quarreled, took up the sword and fought for religious opinion's sake. The crusades were but the aggregate of individual fanaticism. Modern churchmen fight not for principle, but for gold.

The Blade recently gave an account of the disruption of an Episcopal church in New York City. It was taken from the public press and no suspicion of a distorting of facts can be laid at our doors. The account gave a vivid description of rival factions taking up different collections and a free fight following for the possession of both.

From the published facts in the case it is made evident that some secret understanding existed between the members of each faction for one side of the controversy refused to chip in the baskets of the other faction and vice-versa. It was when both sets had fully collected all there was coming that the fight occurred and the active belligerents have now proceeded to haul each other before the civil tribunals that a religious dispute may be adjusted, if ever it can be.

Where such disgraceful scenes but enacted at a Free Thought convention or gathering they would be made the happy theme for many a sermon and American pulpits would undertake to carry the news around the world. Comments would be made and the row pointed at as an evidence of the worldliness of Free-thinkers. As it happens they actually occurred in a church. In a church of high standing. The combatants and disputants had knelt before the same shrine, lifted up their voices in prayer together at the throne of grace. They had been baptized at the same font and had eaten of the body and drank of the blood of Christ together at the same communion table. They had fervently declared themselves to be free from evil thoughts, at peace and in charity with their neighbors. But what a lie! There was no peace or charity. Religious hate rankled within their breasts. Their prayers were but a mockery, a string of words without meaning. They were trying to deceive themselves and actually believed they were successfully deceiving the god they were worshipping. This is what Christianity had done for them. It is not possible that such cantankerous subjects of the King of Kings could dwell in peace and harmony even in their heavenly mansions. The fight started on earth would be continued there and the devil would get a big interest out of it.

What do these incidents suggest? What do they imply? There is no loving their neighbor as themselves. There is no doing unto others as they would be done by. There is no golden rule. They may pretend to love god but we now know that they positively love gold more. It is only a difference of one letter but with an aspirate attached it can cause lots of trouble. In the mouth of an Englishman it could be given a different meaning. Of course each faction will pray to the same god for help and ask him to confound and confuse their enemies, for so religion has made them. In fact each side will strive play their god an engine of the foe. As in battle, the Lord is on the side of the biggest, strongest, bravest and best equipped army, so the Lord will be on the side of the strongest and most powerful faction. The latter will be supplied with the religious, hair-trigger hoodoo and they won't have to use the jawbone of a defunct jack to drive the other faction to the wall. Only show your greater strength and the Lord is with you.

But what a scene. Imagine devout deacons swatting each other in the eye with a chunk of religious love and a clenched fist until the purple flows in streams and dyes the floor a crimson stain. Imagine the sweet sisters making an assault on each other millinery, grabbing each other by the back-hair and rubbing their noses in the sawdust. These are the glorious gifts of religion and a camp-meeting certificate of conversion. For years these same people have been dispensing saving grace with gallowa ropes and with clubs drove heaven inspired precepts into the heads of unbelievers. Now they turn upon each other and the change of method is a welcome innovation.

CRITICISM OF THE ROME BOOK.

Through Mr. James B. Elliott, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the United Peace Memorial societies, we are informed that a literary lady of that city, one who has been a resident of Rome, has consented to write a criticism of Dr. Wilson's book, a trip to Rome, and the Blade is assured of the manuscript for publication, provided, Dr. Wilson will reply to the criticism. Without having communicated with Dr. Wilson on the subject, we feel safe in stating that he will assuredly reply to any criticism that, by its nature would call for a reply, and we will be pleased to give publication to both the criticism and the reply. As the comments so far received concerning Dr. Wilson's effort have been of such a flattering nature, our readers will be curious to know just what criticism can be made and they will watch for its coming. Don't hesitate, friend Elliott, send on the manuscript.

SPOILED HIS OWN GAME

Avastie of a Moslem Priest Caught Him to Lose His Graft and Broke up The Biggest Monopoly The World Ever Knew

DEED TO HELL AND BUSINESS GAVE OUT

The oil trust or the steel trust, the sugar combine or a corner in wheat or beef may seem a huge affair to one outside of Wall Street, and even the Wall Street broker holds him to be the most powerful concern in the world. As mighty as they are they are but slight things, of trifling importance, when compared with a monopoly which is controlled by a half civilized Arab.

The Arab is not a frequenter of Wall Street; it is doubtful if he has ever heard its name. Of stocks and bonds he knows nothing; the financial news of the daily papers he never reads; the rise and fall of market affects him in no way, and a stock exchange he has never seen.

Only once or twice in all his life he left his little native village, and then he wandered as a humble pilgrim to the sacred city of Mecca. He lives in no sumptuous palace; to attend him are no clerks or servants other than a half naked cook, whose principal occupation is to bring him frequent sip of black coffee and fresh tools to light his long moustache.

His office is the olive chamber where he sits by day and sleeps by night, yet he controls a monopoly of the greatest importance to millions of Moslem people, and in comparison with which the name of Standard Oil is insignificant.

Abdullah is the name of this marvelous financier, and his home is in the little town of Samarra, on the Tigris River, two days north of the famous city of Baghdad. Here squatting upon a straw mat, which is spread on the floor, with a red pen, a bottle of ink, a dish of sand to serve as a blotter and an impressive seal lying by his side, he transacts his own business. He is the president, the board of directors, the secretary, the treasurer, the clerk, the porteraid office boy all in one.

A generation ago Abdullah was a struggling Moslem priest, and like many of his fellows, was engaged with a greater amount of cunning than piety. His religious duties brought him an exceedingly small income but an abundance of time, which he industriously employed in devising ways and means to increase his revenue. The fact that he became the world's greatest monopolist is evident by his ability.

Samarra though far from Mecca and the other sacred cities, is on the route from all the north to the south, and Persia to the east. The pilgrims passing by, and the caravan companies of passing pilgrims, as they pause on their long journey for a day's rest, Abdullah announced that he had received a special revelation.

According to the revelation, no one however pious however many times he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, not even though he had killed a Christian in battle, could be sure of entering Paradise unless he possessed a title to his sacred soil. The announcement was startling, but to the pious pilgrims it was true beyond a doubt a priest and said it.

The news of the revelation spread over the desert with a surprising rapidity and crowds flocked to Abdullah to learn how they might obtain some of the celestial real estate. To the inquiring hands he showed complicated maps and plans which none could understand, and then explained that if he would escape the flames of Hades it was well to pray, better to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but the best and surest way of all was to purchase a title deed to a building lot in heaven. He alone had been commissioned by Allah to sell to all of the faithful who came.

The Monopoly Starts. Thus the monopoly started, and Abdullah was busy from morning till night writing the deeds. For all who came a parcel of Paradise was selected and his deeds was quickly prepared, sealed with an impressive seal and delivered for the consideration of a substantial fee.

Some desired a corner lot; others less endowed with worldly goods, were contented with a less conspicuous location; while those who were too poor to purchase so large a tract of land might obtain standing room for a smaller sum. Even the beggar could be sure of entering Paradise if he possessed of the heavenly soil enough for the resting place of a foot.

Had the poorest of the pilgrims reflected how they might be compelled to spend all eternity standing upon one leg, with no place to rest the other

Abdullah's business could have increased, but the monopolist was safe; the Moslem pilgrims never think of thinking.

The prices charged for a lot in Paradise varied exceedingly. No one could tell exactly how Abdullah regulated the charges; that was a part of the revelation, but to an outside observer it seemed that the appearance of the customer, the amount of the money he displayed, his eagerness to purchase and other considerations known only to Abdullah regulated the price.

For a corner lot, the customer was wealthy, the price was never less than five Turkish liras (\$22), but it was the duty of a good Moslem never to bar any from the way to Paradise for the want of a single lira or a few piasters, so there received deeds exactly defining the location of the land, its dimensions and boundaries, in perfect accordance with the law. No one was too poor to purchase, no one, unless the price which he could pay was less than the cost of the paper of the deed, went away in disappointment.

Gives Deeds to Hades. Abdullah's business rapidly increased, for all the pilgrims far and wide saw the deeds of their friends they hastened to purchase a bit of Heaven before it should be sold. One day when there seemed to be a lull in the trade and Abdullah sat long in the real estate office a stranger entered and asked if he could purchase a deed of Hades. The shrewd Abdullah looked at the eye to business, immediately replied in the affirmative and though wondering why any one should desire to own a part of the place of eternal fire asked how large a tract was desired. The stranger said that real estate there should be cheap, yet if a deed for all Hades could be given him he would willingly pay five liras all the money he possessed for it.

Abdullah agreed to the proposition and hastily recording the transaction gave the stranger a paper duly signed and sealed and conveying to him the entire region known as Hades.

The stranger left the office of the heavenly real estate magnate, and with the paper in hand walked upon the slope of the hill upon which the temple stands for a party of approaching pilgrims.

"Wither" he asked after the customary salutations had been exchanged. "To the house of the priest Abdullah" was the reply.

"Why" asked the possessor of Hades. "To purchase a place in Paradise" was the answer.

"Allah forbid" ejaculated the stranger. "It is no longer necessary." The pilgrim paused to gaze with contempt upon one who should venture to dispute the authority of the pious Abdullah, and giving vent to their feelings in words started up the hill. The stranger, holding out the deed of Hades so that the impressive seal was visible.

The seal, for it was surely that of the priest, caught their attention, and again they paused.

When you thing that the Salvation show is free, the only condition that you clean up by taking a bath in the blood of the Lamb, it would seem that in the grand rush for reserved seats many Christians would be crowded into the sacred crumple; and they doubtless would be if Christians were not so considerate of each other. It would be so unchristian to crowd a neighbor out of the gateway of death and beat him to the choicest harps and crowns; or the warmest untaken spot in the capacious bosom of father Abraham; and of course people who love even their enemies and are constantly given all they have to the poor could not be selfish if they tried. And the Christian hangs onto life, turns down the season ticket to the show, not because he does not want to go to heaven, but simply because he hates to leave his friends on earth.

The very thought leaving them behind in this fleeting, sinful world of Easter bonnets and yellow-bellied babies gives the big hearted followers of the Meek and Lowly the blind staggers. Thus he clings to life in spite of disease and all disasters until the good Lord breaks his back by piling on the years or lovingly calls him home by

(To be continued)

SACRED BOSH

(Continued From Page One)

fectly satisfied merely to look at the painted canvases in front of the side show, churches with memorial windows, and crowds flocked to Abdullah to learn how they might obtain some of the celestial real estate. To the inquiring hands he showed complicated maps and plans which none could understand, and then explained that if he would escape the flames of Hades it was well to pray, better to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but the best and surest way of all was to purchase a title deed to a building lot in heaven. He alone had been commissioned by Allah to sell to all of the faithful who came.

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burning him alive in a railroad wreck or blows him into Kingdom come with a Kansas cyclone.

In all the world there is no grander or nobler spectacle than that of the marvelous prescience with which the Christian refuses to let loose-to get off the earth and into heaven where he might hope the Blade will not come out of trying to organize a fun-syndicate because I express amusement at the men and women who had rather wait around knee-deep in the fearful slush and mud of earthly sorrow and weep to parade the golden streets of the New Jerusalem with the eternal joy of shouting hosanna's and sox Michael's before the throne of Grace. What a glorious thing, it seems to me, to be able to look upon millions of the most beautiful angels wearing nothing but crowns. Where on earth is the beauty show that may be compared with the celestial chorus! And in addition to all this there is the ineffable joy of watching an immense multitude of healthful, freethinkers and unregimented children wiggle and sizzle in hell.

Oh, what a thrice-blessed thing if the faith of the christians in heaven were strong enough to make him get off the earth! How fortunate if the all-embracing sky could be turned into one big porous plaster just long enough to draw christianity out of civilization and its satiny devotees into the Kingdom of Grace!

There has been a great deal of talk in the meantime Every Nation Has Continued To Strengthen Its Army, Its Navy, Its Defenses. Look at the figures and the facts. The world's footing of the world nation is 25,000,000 men.

The yearly expenses for maintenance and improvements is nearly \$600,000,000.

Every nation is building great war vessels. We have seen the Russo-Japanese war, which cost \$1,800,000,000 in money and nearly a half million lives. At this moment England and Germany anticipate war. Our statesmen insist that we may as well prepare to grapple with Japan sooner or later. The Peace of Europe hangs by a thread.

The world is making gestures of peace with its left hand, and building ships and armies as fast as it can with its right.

The peace promoters talk of arbitration and the rules of war. They say little of disarmament, yet Disarmament Is The One Test Of Good Faith. War means unmaking, killing, mangle, suffering and death. It means orphaned children and childless parents. It means forsaken friends and weeping mothers. It means untold bereft of the glory of their young manhood, a cruel and unnecessary sacrifice in the name of patriotism.

That is the consideration for The Hague conference. That is the point of view which will bring disarmament. That is the realization which will force arbitration and afford a basis for a reconsideration of national debts, of business interest or money, but the thought of The Sacrifices of Blood.

Paine's Idea Of A God. The only idea man can affix to the name of God is that of a first cause, the cause of all things. An incomprehensible and difficult as it is for man to conceive what a first cause is, he arrives at the belief of it from the ten-fold greater difficulty of disbelieving it. It is difficult beyond description to conceive an end. It is difficult beyond the power of man to conceive an eternal duration of what we call time. In like manner of reasoning everything we behold carries in itself the internal evidence that it did not make itself. Every man is an evidence to himself, that he did not make himself; neither could a tree, plant or animal make itself; and it is the conviction arising from this evidence, that carries us on as it were, by necessity, to the belief of the First Cause, externally existing, of a nature totally different to any material existence we know of, and by the power of which, all things exist, and this First Cause, man calls God.

It Is Given A Place. Newton, Iowa. James E. Hughes.

Mr. J. C. Brown of Shenandoah, Iowa, who is visiting relatives in Newton, and making his headquarters with his athletic friend Dr. Hammer while in the latter office one day recited the following original poem to a small but appreciative audience, which I thought to be too good to be lost, so I had him re-

peat it and herewith send it to you, that you will give it a place in the Blue Grass Rhode.

M. Emma Hammer.

POTERY COLUMN

LEARN TO LAUGH But mail your column to the most

BALAAAM'S ASS. (By J. C. Brown)

And it came to pass, there was an ass, "Nathaniel" Balaam rode her. And she was slow and would not go, Nathaniel had to goad her.

With a big bamboo, he cried out "akki-doo" or was it a black mallet?

In regard to this, it matters not. As he continued to "whack" her.

Now go long, says Nathaniel B. And he a good Ass, I pray you. If you don't I'll take this club. And the chances are I shall you.

But the ass stood still and ground her teeth.

As she answered in Ass vernacular. There's an Angel in the path with a flaming sword. And it's impossible for me to pass her.

Is this strange, Is strange; as I've oft remarked. In this world of flowers, trees and grasses.

That Angels never appear to you or me. But are only seen by ASSES.

The Man Who Wins.

The man who wins is the man who works— The man who toils while the next man shirks; The man who stands in his deep distress.

With his head held high in the deadly press— Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows— The value of pain and the worth of woes— Who a lesson learns from the man who fails— And a moral finds in his mournful wails.

Yes, he is the man who wins. The man who wins is the man who stays.

In the unthought paths and the rocky ways, And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,

To help some failure to rise again, Ah, he is the man who wins.

And the man who wins is the man who fears— The curse of the envious in his ears— But goes his way with his head high

And passes the wrecks of the failure by— For he is the man who wins.

From The Chaplain

San Francisco. Dear Jim— I send with this a years subscription To the Blue Grass Blade, a paper fine.

For dealing truth for a prescription. For subscriptions things divine. That's all for the present. I'm getting into a holy state for easier.

The Chaplain.

READ THE AUTOMONIST. Armstrong's Automonist is just one of the thousands of periodicals that are printed just as its editor is one of the millions of men that live. Why do I publish? Why do I live? You answer the second and I'll answer the first question.

The price of the Automonist is 50 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year, but as it is devoted to the distribution of ideas rather than the collection of them, send me your name, with or without, and I'll do the rest. Address James Armstrong, 3509 N. Clark St. Chicago.

50c

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AND RETURN

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Ask ticket agent for particulars.